

No. 11

THE

INFAMOUS PERJURIES OF THE "BUREAU OF MILITARY JUSTICE" EXPOSED.

Letter of Rev. Stuart Robinson to Hon. Mr. Emmons.

[WITH POSTSCRIPT AND APPENDIX.]

TORONTO, June 10th, 1865.

*Hon. H. H. Emmons, U. S. Dist. Attorney,
Detroit:*

DEAR SIR.—The recently published testimony before the Military Court at Washington of Hyams, *alias* Harris, *alias* "the Cock-eyed Jew," and of Conover, *alias* James Watson Wallace, renders further silence on my part, not only culpable recklessness of reputation, but criminal faithlessness to certain great gospel truths of which circumstances beyond my control have forced me to stand forth as one of the public representatives.

The obvious effort of Judge Advocate Holt, in some way to reach and drag my name discreditably before the public, even at the expense of an awkward episode in the examination; his very unprofessional and unworthy coaxing out of a prejudiced witness further perjuries by leading questions; and the unusual activity of many journals in manufacturing public opinion against me, indicate the manuvering of "the hand of Joab," Ecclesiastical, which, in despair of meeting my argument successfully otherwise, seeks the aid of the secular power to stab my reputation, and thereby destroy my influence with the public, as a minister "set for the defence of the gospel," and especially as a witness against the apostate tendencies of our Protestantism toward a fanatical and ferocious spiritual despotism.

When, just a month ago, I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance here, through a distinguished Democratic friend, who spoke to me, in high terms, of your candor, fairmindedness and liberal views, you were kind enough to tell me of an information, taken and forwarded by you to Attorney-General Speed, in which the creature Hyams insinuated, though he did not directly charge, knowledge and approval, on my part, of certain villainous schemes which he professed to have executed for Dr. Blackburn. It was the same story published in the *Detroit Tribune* of the 16th May,—re-affirmed by Hyams, with essential omissions and contradictions, at the examination of Dr. Blackburn, the week after, in Toronto—and again re-affirmed, with new variations and contradictions, before the military court at Washington.

I suggested to you the danger of disgrace, both to yourself and the government, by the use, as a witness, of a notorious felon, whom the authorities here had strangely allowed to go unwhipped of justice; and pointed out to you the discreditable position into which the law officers here were bringing themselves before the public, in holding a prisoner already discharged by the less subservient courts of Montreal, as men will say, on the oath of a villain, who, within their knowledge, had been caught with the implements of murder in his possession, as the lackey of certain raiders upon the U. S. border—had shamelessly offered his oath for sale to native Americans who needed British papers, or an oath manufactured to order for any other purpose—and had actually sworn a native American prisoner out of Fort Lafayette in face of the suspicions of both Lord Lyons and Lord Monk, specially called to the case. How wise and timely this warning, you will see from the sequel.

I proceeded to demonstrate to you, so far as it is possible to demonstrate a negative proposition, that this Hyams had lied to you in every thing in his story that related to me. I showed you, from well known public facts and from Hyam's own letters, that I never knew Dr. Blackburn, personally, prior to the 20th January, 1864; never had seen him but twice—each time for only a few minutes—subsequently; never had twenty minutes conversation with him in my life, nor communicated with him in any other way except once—and that, at the entreaty of Hyam's half crazed wife, to prevent his getting aid from Dr. Blackburn to desert his family and go back, as she thought and I thought, to the Southern army. That I never knew anything of Hyams save as a beggar, to whose starving family I was requested, as a Christian minister, to dispense a stranger's charity, and added a little of my own during the three months of the winter of 1864; and never spoke to him before or after, nor during the three months, except on matters connected with relieving his destitution.

I showed you, also, that beyond all doubt he had lied to you in all the particulars of his reference to me. That he could not have applied to a Confederate agent to be sent back to the

army in 1863, since there was no such agent till Mr. Holcombe came in June, 1864. That he never did apply for aid to be sent back at all, but for charity; for I showed you his letter which he told you contained the application—dated Jan'y. 15th, 1864,—and its terms are: "My wife and children are with me—she near her confinement—without a cent to help her—in my state of destitution I rely on your benevolence." That he did not receive aid from me on account of Dr. Blackburn—for I showed you his note asking me to be his surety for \$40, sixty days, and pleading: "the benefit you gave me I expended on my wife and child for clothing for her confinement." That I did not introduce him to Dr. B. as a soldier wishing to return, but as he claimed already to know Blackburn, though I did not, I went with him to ascertain from Blackburn whether he was what he pretended to be, and worthy of the stranger's charities. That he lied in telling you that either I or my generous host, Mr. Preston, gave him money to go to Montreal, as for Blackburn, for he borrowed it—as Mr. Preston was in the habit of loaning him charitably small sums—and gave a memorandum or "due-bill" for it as for other loans, which "due-bill," by the way, not having been paid, is still in Mr. Preston's hands to speak for itself.

As the result of this exposure, you expressed to me and to others your entire confidence in my representations, and you purpose to avoid using such a witness. You appealed to me to use my acquaintance and influence with southern gentlemen here to secure their presence as witnesses. They appeared—some of them voluntarily, some by compulsory summons, before Magistrate McMicken, who, by the way, committed a breach of official faith yet unexplained, in allowing the publication of two of these compulsory affidavits in the *Globe*, contrary to his pledge, in your presence, that they should not be publicly used at all.

As I predicted to you, our evidence here amounted to very little—Dr. B., having never been among us, except as a passing traveller for a few hours—but that little went to show, contrary to your theory, that neither the Confederate Government, nor its agents, nor its friends here had any responsibility for Dr. Blackburn's schemes, nor any faith in his theories.

The truth is, Mr. Emmons, that but for the madness of the times, sensible men must have perceived at once that Dr. B's theory of transplanting yellow fever, irrespective of climate or condition of the atmosphere, must be a visionary dream, as ninety-nine out of a hundred physicians say it is, and as the recent evidence of the sale of infected clothing at Washington city last summer without infection proves it to be. That in the next place, even if it were possible thus to transplant it into the Federal army, it must kill just as many, or more, in the opposing Confederate army—for when it rages within the Federal lines at Newbern, it rages also within the Confederate lines at neighbor-

ing Wilmington—and therefore, no possible advantage could accrue to the Confederates from it. That, in the third place, it is practical atheism, as any christian perceives, to believe that Providence has put the millions of the earth's population at the mercy of any medical theorist, and given him control of the "pestilence that walketh in darkness."

I suggested to you the glaring injustice, in general, of allowing such a creature as Hyams the opportunity of associating with his infamies in the public mind the names of innocent private persons; and the special injustice done me in this case by allowing these lies to go uncontradicted into the hands of Attorney General Speed—a man whose "*odium theologicum*" I had incurred by the discharge of my ministerial duty in exposing the infidelity of Unitarianism and of the humanitarian theories of slavery; and whose special personal hatred I had been forced, in self-defence to incur, by an exposure of certain falsehoods concerning me as a public teacher in his speech before the Kentucky Senate in 1862. I stated to you that—having been in the habit of communicating with the American public, and they in the habit of believing me—I felt no fear of being able to defend my reputation; yet I deprecated the necessity which should force me into a controversy with the agents of the secular government, and especially into a controversy in which I might even seem to be impairing the confidence of the people in the efforts of the government to prosecute crimes against humanity. I understood that you would take such steps as, in your wisdom, you thought needful to protect my reputation in this matter, and gave over, for the time, all concern about it.

Of course it surprised me to find the *Detroit Tribune* publishing and other journals copying, a week after, the Hyams *alias* Harris, "yellow fever" story, evidently derived from your office. And still greater was the surprise that again the week after Hyams should be called to repeat it here and the following week to repeat it once more in Washington. It is true, as he repeated his story at the examination of Dr. B. here, he so modified what related to myself and my friend Mr. Preston, as, if correctly reported, to implicate neither of us. Yet he re-swore a string of the old falsehoods—as that he had applied to go back south—that I introduced him to Dr. B. as such—though he swore also that he himself had known Dr. B. before; he swore also some new falsehoods—as that he had never made any previous statement, such as that made to you—and had never received aid or compensation from agents of the Federal Government—which, as you are aware, I knew to be falsehoods.

Yet for some cause, unaccountable to me save on the supposition of some kind remonstrance of yours against his treachery toward the charity that had kept his family from starving, on the same day he went to the American consul saying, with his ancestor and patron saint Judas, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed

the innocent blood," and left with him the following recantation :

TORONTO, May 23rd, 1865.

I, Godfrey J. Hyams, never stated to any person that Dr. Stuart Robinson knew any thing of the expedition connected with Dr. Luke P. Blackburn and myself respecting infesting the clothes with yellow fever or small pox. That when I applied to him for money to go away he said he would not loan or give any money to commit an overt act against the United States. That he never done any thing against the Government or never would help him do so. (This, though not said to Hyams, was, no doubt, heard by him from scores of others, as having been said by me to them, for my careful avoidance of all hostile acts was notorious to everybody). He, Dr. Robinson, further stated he did not know what I was going to do and did (not) want to know. I then said I did not intend to tell him. I solemnly believe *he did not know* any thing about it.

(Signed), GODFREY J. HYAMS.

Endersed by the American Consul as follows:

TORONTO, May 30th, 1865.

"The within statement was handed to me by Godfrey J. Hyams, to be transmitted to Dr. Robinson. (Signed), D. THURSTON."

While the poor creature Hyams thus modified his evidence, and, Judas-like, retracted his falsehood, the *Toronto Globe*—so famous for its conscientious scruples against ever retracting a lie once told, and whose contempt for Judas, therefore, is chiefly because he retracted the lie, and, worse still, was fool enough to throw away the thirty pieces of silver—on the basis of a miserable travesty of the evidence by their reporter, re-affirmed editorially, next day, the very falsehood which Hyams had recanted, and thereby gave it new currency among the American journals. This would have been unimportant to me did the public abroad, as well as the public here, understand the peculiar malignity of this sheet toward all men from the slaveholding States in general, and toward me in particular, since my denunciation of its notorious falsehood concerning me shortly after my arrival in Canada, charging me with violating the courtesy of one of the city pastors for whom I preached, though the pastor, who was present, "couldn't see it," nor could the congregation. So notorious have been the defamations of the *Globe*—though I could never respond to one who had put himself beyond the pale of gentlemanly notice—that whenever any thing discreditable is uttered by it generally, as of a "certain clergymau," or "southern clergymau," its readers very extensively understand it as of Rev. Stuart Robinson. Recently the *Globe* reported a profane remark about the assassination, as made by "a southern clergymau, at the breakfast table of the Queen's Hotel," where I had not breakfasted for a year. If made at all, the remark was made by a clerical madcap, then of the Episcopal, but already of the Roman Catholic Church, whose ill will

I incurred by rebuking his levity about the assassination, which I thought the most awful of calamities to the country, North and South. Yet, not only a large number of the *Globe's* readers ascribed the speech to me, who had rebuked such speeches, but American editors affirmed it as a fact, and piously denounced me as "a sinner above all the Gallileans."

It is useless, after this review, to notice the re-affirmation of his lies by Hyams, at Washington, subsequently, with such variations as the skillful manipulations of Mr. Holt suggested to his lively imagination. Nor do I now care to criticise your course in permitting, contrary to what I supposed to be our understanding, this loathsome wretch to re-parade, and more widely circulate, what you now knew to be his falsehoods, and associate the names of innocent men with them, in the public mind. I prefer still to think of you as the candid, fair-minded gentlemen whom I knew here; presuming that there were reasons of state which compelled your acquiescence, or circumstances beyond your control, which deprived you of power to prevent the perpetration of such an outrage on the reputation of a gospel minister. Indeed, after reading the famous suppressed testimony from the Bureau of Military Justice, upon which the law advisers of the executive led a new and inexperienced President to proclaim as infamous felons men who had figured in the Senate and Cabinet of the United States, I began to understand what may be the terrible exigencies of a certain party at Washington, which called for this sudden movement against the "yellow fever plot," by way of ministering to the excitement of the populace under what must be a general break down of the assassination prosecution against Messrs. Davis, Clay, &c. All I ask is, that in this terrible exigency of your party, an humble minister of the gospel shall not be made a victim to the state-craft which, failing to meet the expectations of the excited populace, would now say: "Well, if they did not assassinate the President, they did try to transplant the yellow fever."

You will now remind me, however, that a portion of the suppressed secret testimony seems not only to corroborate Hyams, in spite of his retraction, but suggests my knowledge and approval of another proposed crime against humanity. Allow me, now, a few words on that subject.

Do you remember, Mr. Emmons, the interesting illustrations you gave me, during our conversation, of the care of Providence for the reputation of ministers of the gospel against blaspheming defamers, by so disposing circumstances and events that the lies of the defamers may be readily made manifest unto all men? I can now give you far more than a match for your most striking instances, in the case of these suppressed witnesses, Conover, Merrit, and Montgomery, on whose testimony, as I understand it, Mr. Holt advised the proclamation against Messrs. Davis, Clay, and others; and in an appendix to the testimony of one of

whom I am incidentally made an accessory to proposed crimes.

What will you think, sir? What will the christian world think, when it shall be shown in full and beyond dispute, as it will be, that the whole story of these suppressed witnesses is, *from first to last, an unmitigated lie?* And what is worse still, for the credit of our country, that it must have been, or ought to have been within the knowledge of the "Bureau of Military Justice," that the testimony on which Mr. Johnson was advised to issue the terrible proclamation was thus an unmitigated lie! Yet, so palpable are the facts, that I freely risk my argument on a mere outline of them, in the few paragraphs of a letter. For, while the low, ignorant, Jew-Christian-Atheist Hyams, had ingenuity enough so to weave the slenderest thread of a fact into his cable of fiction, as to give it the gloss of plausibility, these more pretentious liars—*Doctor Merrit, Correspondent Conover, and Confidential agent Montgomery*—seem to have been given over of God to the stupidity of lying in the teeth of public facts and time and space, and that, too, in reference to every point of importance in their evidence. Let me give you a few illustrations, following the order of the published testimony.

Richard Montgomery swears to the astounding conversations with Mr. Thompson, in Montreal, during several days in January, 1865, concerning the assassination. Now, it is within your knowledge, Mr. Emmons, or that of your neighbor and co-official, Mr. Russel, that Mr. Thompson was in Toronto, 300 to 400 miles from Montreal, during January, 1865, watching the trial of the famous "Burley Extradition Case;" it is within the knowledge of judges and lawyers here that he was in consultation with some one or other of them during the whole month, and within the knowledge of fifty people here, and confirmed by the hotel books, that he was not out of Toronto during January, 1865!

This Montgomery also swears to all the details of conversations with Mr. Cleary about the assassination, and destroying of papers, at Montreal, after the assassination. It is within your knowledge, Mr. Emmons, that Mr. Cleary was in Detroit, consulting with you about his return to Kentucky, on the 26th of April, ten days after the assassination. It is matter of public notoriety, that, with Mr. Thompson, he started from Montreal, to leave the country finally, on the 10th of April, and was at Rivière du Loup, hundreds of miles off, when the news of the assassination came, being detained there by the impassable roads. Thence, changing his purpose, he started, on the 23rd April, directly for Detroit, near a thousand miles off, and was there in consultation with you on the 26th. So, Mr. Emmons, you need not be told that Montgomery's stories of conversations with Cleary, in Montreal, are very stupidly devised lies; for it is impossible he should have been there long enough to have had such interviews with any body, or have thought of returning to Kentucky if he had thus plotted.

The witness Merrit swears to the stupid invention of a conspirator's conclave over a letter of Jeff. Davis to Sanders—locating it in Montreal, during February, 1865—mentioning, half a dozen times, the name of Col. Steele, as having been there, having read the letter, having sat at the hotel table with Booth and Sanders; though it is a fact, well known, that *Col. Steele was never in Montreal in his life*, and a hundred people, within sight of your residence, or, at least, of your city, Mr. Emmons, will swear that Col. Steele was not outside the limits of Essex County during the winter of 1864-5! The same stupid individual swears to seeing Mr. Clay in Montreal in February, 1865, though it is well known Clay had finally left Canada about the last of November, 1864. And now, as I write, I am pointed to indubitable proof that this liar, out of the whole cloth, *was himself not in Montreal in February, 1865*, nor outside the Township of Ayr!!

The witness Conover swears to discussions of the assassination plot at Mr. Thompson's room in the St. Lawrence Hotel, Montreal, not only every day during the month of February, 1865, but fixes very particularly the special conversations "in the *early part of February* or it might have been in the *latter part of January*." I have already shown that, as a fact partly within your knowledge and Mr. Russel's, Mr. Thompson could not have been in Montreal in January; now as the hotel books show, and as scores of persons here will swear, *Mr. Thompson did not leave Toronto and go to Montreal till the middle of February!*

This same witness swears, among his lies about the blank commissions, signed at Richmond and filled up in Canada, that B. H. Young had such commission, and "*never was in Richmond at all.*" Whereas scores of persons—his fellow students in the University—ladies and others who received messages by him from friends in Richmond, and Young's "personal" from Richmond standing several days in the *New York News*, all demonstrate that he went to Richmond and returned thence early in the summer of 1864.

This witness Conover swears also to a string of conspiracy conversations with Mr. Cleary in Montreal "on the day before or the same day of the assassination." Whereas, as I have already shown you, Mr. Cleary had left Montreal near a week before the assassination, and was not there subsequently at all except as he passed through, as rapidly as the means of conveyance permitted him, on his hasty trip from Rivière du Loup to Detroit, between the 23rd and 26th of April.

From these specimens you will now be prepared to appreciate the value of the appendix to Conover's testimony either as corroborative of Hyams or as proof of additional crime—in which, having apparently never before thought of me as among the conspirators—or because it is so common a thing to find preachers engaged in such villainies that it made no impression on his mind—Mr. Holt's genius re-inspires the

witness's flagging imagination to devise an "*Exponent of Divinity*" (in Mr. Holt's happy phrase) to quiet the consciences of these conspirators in their yellow fever or Croton poisoning projects.

This witness Conover swears that since he came to Montreal in Oct., 1864, he "made the acquaintance of Dr. Stuart Robinson, a relation of the Breckinridges of Kentucky"—(why didn't he say a favorite son-in-law, or adopted son of old Dr. Robert?) that he "saw him in intimate association with Thompson and Blackburn;" that Robinson has been present when the project for introducing yellow fever was discussed," or when it was proposed to poison the Croton water;" that he "approved the scheme and pronounced, as an exponent of Divinity, the very expression—any thing under heaven would be justifiable!" This is the sum and substance of the famous revelation about Rev. Stuart Robinson. To be sure on cross examination, the skill and large experience of Detective General Holt did ferret out of the witness the secret, known before to few outside the half million of readers of Rev. Stuart Robinson's letter to President Lincoln—that Robinson's paper the *True Presbyterian* had been suppressed! But this is only an incidental point.

Now unfortunately again for the story of this perjuror by wholesale, he dates and locates it in the fatal January, 1865, at Montreal. I have already shown you that Mr. Thompson the "head devil" of this imagined pandemonium, was not within three hundred miles of Montreal during January or the first half of February; and indeed it can be proved that he was not in Montreal between the important era of Mr. Conover's arrival in Oct., 1864, and the middle of Feb., 1865. Nor could it have been possible for Dr. Robinson as chaplain, "*Exponent of Divinity*," and soother of these diabolical consciences to have been present at any such time and place—nor to have had intimate association with Messrs. Thompson and Blackburn, in Montreal, nor even to have had the high honor of Mr. Conover's acquaintance.

You are doubtless aware, Mr. Emmons, that the movements of the minister of a large congregation, involving a journey of some seven hundred miles, going and coming—and time between to have "intimate associations"—is apt to be a matter well known to a good many people. Now, within the knowledge of a thousand people in Toronto, I have not been absent from my pulpit—save Christmas Sabbath at Hamilton—since I re-commenced preaching in Sept., 1864, until late in May 1865; and therefore I could not have travelled three to four hundred miles to Montreal, and had much intimate association with any body there. Within the knowledge of a hundred people *I have not been in Montreal since the time of the arrival of the Southern Agents in Canada in June, 1864!* And therefore I could not possibly have seen Mr. Thompson nor Mr. Conover there, nor have been at any conclave there, nor

have pronounced an "exponent of divinity" there. Nor, as it is well known, on the other hand, has Dr. Blackburn, since October, 1864, been in Toronto, till three weeks since at his trial, so that it is impossible I should ever have seen him and Mr. Thompson together; as it is a fact that I never did see Dr. B. but the twice before his trial, as already stated;—once to ask him if Hyams was what he pretended to be or a swindler—the other time to ask if he had prevented Hyams from deserting his starving family.

Thus the miserable fictions of this villain's appendix, under the manipulations of Mr. Holt, like the whole work in chief of the three witnesses, is seen to be not only an unmitigated lie, but a stupid lie, so contrived that the whole structure of falsehood drops to pieces by reference to place and dates; thus easily making the perjury manifest to the humblest capacity of the people by the very short and conclusive method of proving an *alibi*.

But not to waste your time and patience further upon this monotonous recital and exposure in detail of these silly fictions, I proceed to remark that what is far more discreditable to the country than the perjuries of these villains, is the fact that the "Bureau of Military Justice" and the law adviser of the President should have called for such a Proclamation of infamy against such men, upon evidence which, if they did not know, they *ought to have known* to be the evidence of perjured witnesses. And therefore any apology in defence of their honesty in the matter is necessarily at the expense of their common sense and shrewdness, which, next to honesty, are the fundamental requisites in such officers.

As to the perjured character of Hyams' testimony, I had demonstrated it to you three weeks previously, and he in fact had, in part, confessed it one week before Mr. Holt introduced him as a witness at Washington. Beyond doubt, therefore, through you, the Judge Advocate must have been aware of the character of this Jew-Christian-Atheist perjuror before taking and publishing his falsehoods to the world.

As to the scoundrel Merrit, beside the falsehood palpable on the face of his bungling story, and especially his bungling apology for failure to inform the government of the danger on account of Esquire Davidson's refusal to hear him, there was nothing more wanting than a simple telegraphic despatch to Esquire Davidson to have revealed on the spot the fact that Merrit was lying—had never been to Esquire Davidson—nor indeed out of the township of Ayr during the period covered by his Montreal conclave over the pretended Davis-Sanders letter.

As to Richard Montgomery, who claims to have been confidential counsellor and bearer of despatches for Mr. Thompson, which despatches he exhibited, in passing, to the Federal Government, a reference to the secret records of the department would have shewn that he showed

no such despatches of Mr. Thompson, unless they were bogus despatches. It is within the knowledge of various persons here, and of distinguished American travellers at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, in August last, that this Montgomery, though he may have deceived Messrs. Clay and Holcombe when passing the Falls, yet immediately on his arrival at Toronto he was "spotted" as not James Thompson, but Richard Montgomery, detective and spy, from Marshall Murray's office, New York, pointed out as such to Messrs. Thompson and Cleary, unmasked by a young man here, whom he now lyingly says was Payne—and incontinently decamped! You may judge, Mr. Emmons, how likely Mr. Richard Montgomery was, after that, to carry despatches for Mr. Thompson, or to have confidential revelations from Mr. Cleary, after August, 1864!

But my concern is chiefly with the villain Sanford Conover, *alias* James Watson Wallace, who, at Mr. Holt's instigation, extemporised the tissue of lies concerning me. Now, the proof that he should have been known by the "Bureau of Military Justice" to be a reckless perjurer, is unanswerable. This will appear from a simple comparison of the depositions of Sanford Conover in Washington, May 12th, with the deposition of Sanford Conover as James Watson Wallace in Montreal, precisely three months before, at the trial of the St. Albans raiders. 1st. Conover, as himself, at Washington, May 12th:—

Sanford Conover, duly sworn, saith,—

"I have resided in Montreal since October last. I resided in Baltimore a short time; before that resided in Richmond. I was conscripted and detailed for a clerkship. I was conscripted in South Carolina, when residing near Columbia, S. C. *I am a native of New York*—born and educated in New York. Left Richmond to come north in December, 1863. I testified at the trial of the St. Albans' raiders to the genuineness of Seddons' signature. I went in Canada by the name of James Watson Wallace."

2. Now Conover, as J. W. Wallace at Montreal, February 11th (see "St. Albans Raid," p. 212).

"James Watson Wallace, of Virginia, saith on his oath: *I am a native of Virginia*. I reside in Jefferson co. in the said State. *I left that State in October, 1864*. I never was in the Confederate army. I was commissioned as a major to raise a Battalion. I never served; I was incapacitated by an accident and then kidnapped by the Northerners. *When I lived in Virginia, I lived in my own house* until I was burned out and my family turned out by the Northern soldiers." Just conceive of the same man swearing to both these stories within three months!

But what is still more astounding as illustrative of the sort of evidence on which old senators are proclaimed felons, and Ministers of the Gospel published as conspirators, is that, as I am copying these two contradictory perju-

ries, a friend hands me still another—a third solemn oath of this Conover *alias* Wallace—just fresh from Montreal, and a month later than the Washington swearing! In this, dated Montreal, June 8th, 1865:—

"James Watson Wallace doth depose and say, I am the same James Watson Wallace who gave evidence on the subject of the St. Albans raid. I have seen and examined the report of what is called the "suppressed evidence." Have looked carefully through the reports of the evidence of a person calling himself Sanford Conover. Said Sanford Conover evidently personated me before the said court-martial at Washington. *I never gave any evidence whatever before the said court marshal.* I never had knowledge of Booth—never was a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. Never had any confidential correspondence with Sanders, Tucker, Thompson, &c. The evidence of the said Sandford Conover, personating me, is false, untrue, and unfounded, in fact and in form, from beginning to end, a tissue of falsehoods."

What may be the explanation of this new phase of the Conover perjuries it matters not to my argument to enquire. I simply call your attention to the fact that the "Bureau of military justice," accepted, without question, this oath of May 12th, in face of the contradictory oath of the same witness at a public trial in which the United States Government was a party at Montreal, Feb. 11th. Either Messrs. Holt and Speed knew of this previous oath—officially published as it had been—or they did not. If they were aware of it, then they advised the proclamation on the testimony of one whom they knew to be a perjured man. If they were not aware of it, then surely the law officers at Washington, must be extremely negligent of the Government law business about which they advise! Do they know so little of the St. Albans raid case to which they were a party, and the testimony and proceedings of which had been laid before the world in a large volume! Taking either horn of the dilemma it is plain that the use of such a witness by Mr. Josepe Holt, for the purpose of defaming, without responsibility for the falsehood, an humble minister of the gospel, is a deed so dastardly as justly to expose him to the execrations of honorable men.

I have not yet exposed to you, Mr. Emmons, by any means, the whole of the meanness of Mr. Holt's conduct in this case. Bear with me a little, for I wish to impress you with the risk of becoming implicated, as a public man, with these disgraceful tricks in high places, now, if you have any aspirations for future honors from the American people, after reason and law shall again have assumed their control. Remember you will be compelled to appeal, as I desire to appeal, "from Philip drunk to Philip sober."

I know little of either the personal or public character of Mr. Holt, not having been much of a politician. The only well defined impressions I have had of his personal character

is from two remarks concerning him in 1861-2. The first, that of a venerable Christian lady of the old-fashioned, country type made to me:—"Joe Holt, sir, is the only young man I ever knew that left this county without leaving a friend behind him in it." The other, the fierce retort of the venerable Crittenden, to a cabinet officer, reported to me by Gov. Morehead:—"Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, did you say, sir? I tell you, sir, by heaven! there is no such man as Joseph Holt of Kentucky!" I think, Mr. Emmons, you must agree with me that more than all the littleness and malignity of character indicated in these speeches, is involved in the very questions of Mr. Holt to this pliant Conover concerning me, laying out of the account, at present, all the outrage and meanness of introducing my name at all, which I have already exposed. Let me call your special attention to these questions, put by him to the pliant Conover:—"Did you see this Doctor of Divinity in association with these men of whom you have spoken?"

Now I have already exposed the manifest lie told in answer to this question; I could have little association with those of them who resided out of Toronto, as did all of them but Messrs. Thompson and Cleary, beyond such association as perhaps a hundred leading men of the United States had with them Whigs, Democrats, and Republicans—when meeting them at the Falls, where I went occasionally, and at hotels, elsewhere, as I and they passed about. With Messrs. Thompson and Cleary, resident here at a hotel, where I had frequent occasion to call and see friends, I had frequent association as gentlemen. And it is in proof of their delicacy of feeling as gentlemen, and their appreciation of my position, that not until since you were here a month ago, did I ever know the nature and purpose of their mission, except as I might vaguely guess at it as other citizens of the United States. But why this insinuation that it was criminal in me to associate with men, as gentlemen, with whom I saw scores of leading men of the United States constantly associating? Why what will you think, Mr. Emmons, when I tell you that I saw, myself, in intimate association, here, with Messrs. Thompson and Cleary, and elsewhere with Messrs. Clay and the others, a distinguished jurist whom I understood to have come directly from Secretary Stanton himself, to consult, during the alarm about the prospective breakdown of the Republican party in August last, and his reported fears of personal violence to the Cabinet from the excited populace of the North? And yet within less than 12 months, I, no politician, but a minister, for venturing to do what I saw such examples of loyalty and duty doing am by insinuation held up as a conspirator by the "Bureau of Military Justice."

Still more remarkable is the effort of Mr. Holt to get for his judgment of me the weighty endorsement of this ubiquitous, patriotic perjurer, Conover, in the question:—

"Is not he (Robinson) regarded as one of

the most intense of the traitors who have taken refuge in Canada?"

Now with regard to the dastardly falsehood here sought to be uttered by Mr. Holt, through this perjurers lips, it is scarcely necessary to repeat what you and the public already well know, that I came to Canada voluntarily, simply to avoid the annoyance of the Speeds and Holts of the lower class, who would not suffer me to continue preaching and teaching the truths I had preached for ten years past, of the non-secular character of the Church of God and of my office, without perpetual annoyance. I therefore came away as I had a perfect right to come; and staid as I had a perfect right to stay; will return when, by the restoration of civil law and order, the way is open to me, to preach the truth without annoyance, as I have a perfect right to return, and be with my family and flock where I have a perfect right to be. I have discharged my obligations as a citizen as it was my duty to do; have paid all taxes claimed by government to my own impoverishment, as it was my duty to do; have borne with philosophic calmness the plundering and devastations of the military, as it was my duty to do; and have, at the same time, protested publicly against the wrongs done me, as it was also my duty to do.

So much for the "refuge" in Canada. Now as to the intensity of my treason here. I happen to have the means at hand, Mr. Emmons, of demonstrating that, during my voluntary exile in Canada, I have faithfully maintained my integrity as a citizen of the United States, and as the minister of a non-secular gospel. With little personal acquaintance, indeed, the American consul here, as fierce as the fiercest for the administration, yet a just man, will no doubt declare to you, as he has voluntarily declared to me, that though in a position, as the great ear-trumpet of the government here, to hear everything, he has never before heard my name associated with any violent speech or hostile action against the United States Government. The large congregation that attended upon my ministry, especially every Sabbath evening, composed in large part of those who sympathised with the North, and a still larger part of those who are utterly out of sympathy with my opinions touching the Bible and slavery, not long since presented me with a strong testimony to my faithfulness, candour, and moderation as a minister. And, appended to this testimonial, is the following very clear declaration touching the "intensity" of my treason from a man whose own sympathies have been "intensely" with the North, and whose business is of a character which makes him, next to the American consul, best acquainted with every man's reputation in Canada.

"Rev. Stuart Robinson,—Dear Sir,—I have heard of the testimonial presented by your present hearers in Toronto; and as one who for two years enjoyed the rare privilege of personal and pastoral relationship with you in Toronto,

I desire to add my testimony to your fidelity as a minister of the gospel to your principles of non-interference of the Church of God with the secular affairs of the day, or of the state with the Church of God.

Let me say that, though differing from you strongly on the subject of slavery, and in many respects as to your views of the struggle in the United States, I never had my feelings hurt, or prejudices offended in all I ever heard you say. On the contrary, I always admired your reticence in respect to the cause and course of the war, and seldom heard a reference to it, except a prayer for a righteous peace."

Now, Mr. Emmons, this is the testimony of "intense" northern men concerning the man whom Mr. Joseph Holt gets a perjured villain to swear and publish to the world, "is one of the most intense of the traitors who have taken refuge in Canada." This is the man whom ecclesiastical cut-throats, even of his own church, are hounding on you, perhaps, as well as the secular press to vilify, as not only a traitor, but a felon and a plotter of crimes against humanity! Will you not now admit the wisdom of my caution to you against complicity with men who can lend themselves to such infamous work, and prostitute the forms of law and legal examinations under the holy garb of law and justice, to accomplish grovelling political ends, and gratify the basest of human passions?

I expressed to you, a month ago, and still more strongly felt, an utter repugnance at the thought of again having to complain, with David, and expose "The abjects who gather themselves against me, and the false witnesses who did rise up and lay to my charge things that I knew not." I prayed with David, under similar experience of the murderous lying of revolutionary times: "Judge me, O God, in thy righteousness," &c. Is it fanatical to feel, as I do now, that God infused the repugnance for a special purpose, to restrain me until the last and most insolent experiment upon the long-suffering credulity of our be-fooled, be-telegraphed, be-humbugged, betrayed American people, should be made in these mysteriously suppressed and mysteriously published perjuries of Montgomery, Merrit, and Conover, by the "Bureau of Military Justice"? These aimed a death blow at the personal honor and character of defenceless men, whom, whatever their political sins, the American people once honored and trusted, and whose personal dishonor therefore disgraces all who were their hero-worshippers. But singularly enough, malignity, a little too greedy of more prey, indirectly assails and compels to a self defense which involves the indirect vindication of the honor of the defenceless, me, a man whose peculiar position puts within his easy reach the facts, dates, circumstances and personal history which, applied to the stupendous structure of malignity, perjury and fraud, as the touch of Ithuriel's spear, causes it to reveal its real character to the view of the most credulous, and vanish as a filthy exhalation. Is there not something Providential in this providing for them, at least, a stay of public judgment, till they can vindicate themselves?

With many apologies for this use of your name; many thanks for your gentlemanly kindness; and without any reproach for what was probably your necessary failure to protect my reputation from malignity in high places, as well as from low perjured villains.

I remain, yours truly,

STUART ROBINSON.

POSTSCRIPT. June 29th.—Since the foregoing was sent to the press, two weeks ago, and published, wholly or in part, by several papers, I observe that the intelligent journalism of the country, even without the facts and dates within my reach, and solely on the ground of its intrinsic absurdities, has, very generally, pronounced "the suppressed testimony" a tissue of lies. Yet no explanation or apology from the "Bureau of Military Justice" is vouchsafed, for having made itself the channel for circulating, under guise of sworn testimony, falsehoods so infamously libelous, and yet falsehoods so patent to the intelligence of the country. On the contrary, not only are the Hyams perjuries cunningly insinuated, through telegraphic announcements of pardon, as already accepted verities, but the "Bureau of Military Justice" shamefully re-parades its loathsome scabeci before the Military Court, and persists in the attempt to force their nauseous and enormous lies down the throat of an eructating public.

To say nothing (as it does not concern me personally) of the impudent attempt to corroborate the impossible lie of Merrit, by the equally impossible lie of Hutchinson, concerning the presence of C. C. Clay in Montreal, in February, 1865. Judge Advocate Holt's re-parade of the poly-perjured Conover, *alias* Wallace—the ready mouth-piece of Mr. Holt's malignant libel of me—for a fourth swearing of perjuries to cover up the contradictions of perjuries numbers one, two, and three, exposed in the foregoing letter, evinces an effrontery of insult to the public intelligence truly amazing. Says the report of this swearing No. 4, on the 27th June: "Gen. Holt said he held in his hand a volume of the judicial proceedings in the case of the St. Albans robbery, and that the evidence adduced in the evidence was truly reported. The witness said it was partly his, but incorporated with that of another person named Wallace. What was read from the book, was the report of the Montreal *Telegraph*; the report which appeared in the Montreal *Witness* was correct." &c.

I call attention to this part of perjury No. 4, rather than to his preposterous story of conversations with Cleary, who was hundreds of miles from Montreal at that date; or his silly story of a conspiracy of assassins, headed by a *trading British lawyer of Montreal*, forcing him before a *British magistrate*, with pistols at his head, to swear the denial of his oath at Washington—because it establishes, beyond question, the fact that Judge Advocate Holt, however, did entrap him into swearing to the press to publish what he must have known to be stupid perjuries. For it is impossible to conceive (as a reference to the book shows) that "Gen. Holt, holding in his hand the volume," with his eye upon the sworn statement on page 212, signed "J. W. Wallace," as the fashion of British courts is—should not have known that Conover, *alias* Wallace, was lying to him, in pretending that his evidence had been mixed up with that of the Kentuckian, W. P. Wallace, on page 201—the only other Wallace that testified. Nor could Gen. Holt help knowing that he lied in pretending to make the reporter of the Montreal *Telegraph* responsible for the additions to his testimony, "written down by the reporter in court, and signed by the reporter himself."

What a satire, Mr. Emmons, upon the American civilization of the 19th century, that public officials should dare perpetrate such a caricature of justice—such grim farce, by way of relief to the gloom of a public tragedy! That they should presume upon an imbecile credulity among the people, to which even the days of witen trials and burnings, furnish no parallel. What a terrific sarcasm on the moral condition of the country is involved in the mysterious silence of the press, touching the character of these enormities, even after uttering this fact of public knowledge!

For remember, this is no mere blunder of incompetent politicians and lawyers, nor a harmless farce to relieve the gloom of a public tragedy. By every principle of ethics, this prostitution of official functions, and the sacred forms of justice—military or otherwise—to the libelling, not only of public enemies, but of unoffending citizens and ministers of religion, is a *crime* scarcely less enormous than the crimes which they falsely charge upon others.

Judge Advocate Holt, sheltered under the technicalities of the law, and "clothed in a little brief authority," may "now play such fantastic tricks with the law as to cover his conduct, but it is conceivable that an appeal may be taken to the august tribunal of public opinion, and that, too, with the certainty of a just judgment, unless God has given us over to national ruin. For there are no principal more clearly taught by natural religion—the great guide of civil governments—than that a just Providence will not let guiltless the people that hold guiltless their public servants, who thus pervert the sacred names of Truth and Justice to base personal and partisan ends.

S. R.

A P P E N D I X.

FINAL QUIETUS TO JUDGE HOLT'S PLIANT PERJURER, CONOVER.

Since the foregoing was sent to the press, a righteous Providence has caused to be brought to light another document, which leaves no possible room to doubt the infamous perjuries of this villain, Conover, whom Judge Holt, with amazing effrontery, attempts to force upon the American public as a witness, on whose testimony men shall be condemned to death—old senators and cabinet ministers be proscribed as felons, and a minister of the gospel proclaimed the associate of felons and conspirators. It is nothing less than a letter of this Conover, himself, shewing: First, that, so late as the 20th March, 1865, this villain admits that he had *no acquaintance with Col. Thomson*, when he had sworn to having confidential interviews with him in January and February, 1865, in reference to the assassination and the destruction or poisoning of the Croton Water Works; and, Secondly, that he, *himself*, so late as March 20, 1865, proposed, as a new project *hitherto unheard of*, the destruction of the Croton Works, though he had sworn that, in January and February, he had been in conclaves with Thompson and Blackburn, at which Rev. Stuart Robinson gave his assent to the destruction or poisoning of these works.

That this letter is the authentic letter of Conover, *alias* James Watson Wallace, any one may satisfy himself by reference to the American Consulate at Montreal.

If any one supposes that I have judged Mr. Holt uncharitably in making him *particeps criminis* with this villain Conover, whom he repardes and assists in the work of *lying* himself out of his previous contradictory perjuries, by still more preposterous lies, noticed in the previous postscript, let them carefully ponder this letter:—

“ MONTREAL, March 20, 1865.

“ Col. Thompson:—

“ SIR,—Believing you to be an officer, or an agent of the Confederate Government, authorized to direct enterprizes of a warlike character, I beg leave to submit to your consideration a

project which, if executed, will give our enemies a bitter taste of war, at their own homes, and inflict damages which can only be computed by millions.

“ Although I HAVE NOT THE PLEASURE OF YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, you will probably remember me as a witness in behalf of the raiders to prove the genuineness of Lieut. Young's commission, &c.

“ Mr. Cameron, the bearer hereof, will explain to you the reason of my addressing you in writing, instead of seeking a personal interview.

“ The project in question INVOLVES THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CROTON DAM, whereby the City of New York is supplied with water.

“ The Dam is situated forty-one miles from the city, and sends through an aqueduct about 30,000,000 gallons daily, and is capable of sending, as the aqueduct is conducting, twice that amount. The receiving and distributing reservoirs at the city never contain more than a supply for two or two and a half days.

“ Destroy this Dam, and we deprive the city of its sole source of supply of water. The foundries and factories engaged in the manufacture of the munitions of war and army supplies being dependent on the Croton for steam and other purposes, must necessarily suspend operations. Steamboats and railroad locomotives, likewise dependent, to a great extent, on this water, will be greatly embarrassed in their movements, and will be obliged, at a great cost of time and labor, to seek a supply elsewhere. The engines daily and nightly called into requisition to suppress fires, will become useless, and the best parts of the town, without the aid of incendiaries, would soon fall a prey to conflagration. Water, in New York, would become as scarce and expensive as whiskey in Richmond. Thousands of poor devils, who will be otherwise sent to the Yankee armies, will be required to reconstruct the Dam—a work which will require six months to complete, and cost upwards of \$5,000,000.

“ But this is not all. The Dam which is seven miles above the mouth of the river holds back 500,000,000 gallons. Below it are several extensive rolling mills, foundries, manufactorys and bridges, including the great bridge of the Hudson River Railroad. By the sudden destruction of the Dam all these works would be swept away. In 1841, when the Dam was less than half finished, the pressure of the water forced it away, and all the houses, mills and manufactorys below were swept off, together with many persons, and a great many cattle and swine. Let the water loose at the present time and the destruction will be thrice as great. The people of the Empire state, by visiting the banks of the Croton, would re-

ceive some conceptions of the devastation their mercenaries have spread along the Shenandoah.

This scheme is not only practicable, but may be executed with very little trouble and expense. One of my aunts, a Virginia lady, and an enemy to every thing Yankee, owns the land upon which the Dam is built, and her residence and out buildings are only a few rods from the abutments of the work. This will afford you some idea of the facilities we can command to accomplish our object. The necessary men for the business are already engaged.

I do not deem it necessary, at present, to enter into the details of our plans; but if you entertain our proposition I shall take pleasure in laying them before you in minutiae—and of giving you an estimate of the sum requisite for their execution.

“Respectfully your obedient servant,

“J. WATSON WALLACE.

“P.S.—If it would be preferable to you or our government, the matter of the destruction can

be effected in such a way as to appear accidental.

J. W. W.”

To this letter, Cameron, the bearer, swears Col. Thompson—already having ceased his functions as Confederate agent—made the emphatic response, “The man is a fool!” Yet this is the man who swore to confidential interviews with Col. Thompson, in January and February, 1865; and who swore that this project to destroy the Croton works or poison the water, was discussed in January, 1865, in a conclave at which Rev. Stuart Robinson was present! And yet this is the man whom Judge Advocate Holt, after his perjuries have been exposed, brings back to the stand and assists in his attempts to force his lies down the throats of the American people! Who now is the base criminal—Judge Holt, or the men whom he seeks by such base and impudent perjuries, under the garb of sworn testimony to defame?

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